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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

[Continued from last week.]

Human nature, especially where no sufficiently energetic direction is given it, is continually active in two opposite ways. On the one hand it seeks attachment to what is stronger than itself; on the other, it seeks all possible emancipation. And so it was with Mendelssohn. His distrust in his own powers, proceeding from his want of conflict with himself, awoke in him almost unconsciously perhaps, a craving for originality.\* Favorably to this end there spread before him a peculiarly striking, and to the public an unknown field: that namely of the Oriental melody, those series of tones which are found in the popular airs of India, Persia, Palestine, and also in those of the Jews, who have faithfully handed them down in their religious service in all countries. These melodic turns, employed in the most ductile and graceful manner, are characteristic of Mendelssohn; the public recognize his writings by them, without asking wherein the peculiarity consists; they are found in all his compositions, whether they belong by text or title to German or to Persian ground. They are flesh and blood to him, in short they have become his manner. Partly his sincere aspiration to the high and noble, partly the involuntary impulse to acquire the reputation and respect of a composer of the first rank, a classic author, led him to create a "style" as the foundation of that reputation; but in doing this he committed the great artistic error of seek-

\* It played him many queer tricks; for instance, led him to write the part of the Evangelist in "St. Paul" for Soprano!

ing this style in externals, instead of in the faithful reproduction of the chosen objects, undisturbed by mere abstract musical fascinations and charms residing in certain turns peculiar to himself; and this error led him into the false and weakening practice of a "manner" which he allowed to satisfy his idea of "style." Many of his own expressions indicate this limitation of his views shaped by inward nature and by outward influences, acting on each other. Often enough he guarded himself against what he thought all wrong and violent removal of his art out of the absolute sphere of feeling into that of thought and actual life, full of wrestling and striving, full of dreaming and endeavor. Necessarily and peculiarly therefore, as I shall show, he was just the person—he, who maintained that music exists only for its own sake and must always and under all conditions only show itself in the garb of the *æsthetic* and *agreeable*—although he outwardly observed this with the utmost strictness and resignation—he was just the person, more than many narrower minds, to let some foreign influence lead him astray upon ground where music, in any true artistic sense, is cut off from all nourishment.

By such firm adherence to the external and specifically musical, somewhat at the expense of the inward substance, of the object to be represented, he became one of the most distinguished masters of "form." Careful, laborious, almost painfully conscientious in the presentment of his thoughts; always anxious, as we have said, by keeping in the background every too strong, or abrupt, or extreme emotion, however distinctly required by the subject, to give all in a pleasing dress, he is on this side a model highly to be commended to every one who has to study the technical part of music in and for itself, before he can be warranted to think of penetrating into the inmost essence and sanctuary of this art. Here every one may learn much, very much from Mendelssohn, in relation to musical *form* and economy of means. On this side he is clear and reliable; it all *sounds*, it is all intelligible and nobly presentable; and especially in what concerns the deeper essence of form, it is all spun out, carried through and developed in easily comprehensible, ingeniously entertaining polyphony. The young composer can learn of him how to do justice to his own thoughts, and at least satisfy his hearers with the execution and treatment of the most ordinary matter. From this preparatory schooling one may then go with correcter insight to the mighty minds, like Bach and Beethoven, who, though still surer and more fortified with motives in respect to form, yet do not let the same be seen so easily by the less practised eye on account of the

grandeur of their intentions. For with these masters one must be able to see through at once both the intention and the execution and treatment which it has determined, in order not to be misled on one side or the other.

There has been much discussion, whether Mendelssohn was or was not a highly gifted composer. If we make a distinction between power of invention of musical thoughts and power in the treatment and development of thoughts, I should say he was much the most talented in the latter respect; yet it would still remain a question, whether in leading his melodies into so peculiar and stereotyped a channel, he did not expose himself to one-sidedness and to increasing poverty of ideas. Many for this reason pronounce his sister Fanny, (Mme. Hensel), much the more gifted of the two.\*

As I have already hinted a distinction between Mendelssohn and the classics, it will not be uninteresting to compare him with Beethoven, and see how, both in general and in particular, in their whole development, they differ in the fact, that Beethoven strives upward, and beginning humble, small, far down, keeps rising mightier and surer, whereas Mendelssohn soon finds himself at full height, and tends ever longer and more broadly downward. If we consider, for instance, the melodies of the two authors, we find this throughout: Mendelssohn likes repeatedly to enter with high intervals, and thence leads his melody continually and fondly downward. Beethoven begins small, invisible; but either he rolls his thoughts slowly and toilfully upward, or hurls them with bold eagle flight up to a giddy height, now like a Sisyphus and now like a giant, and again and again renews the onslaught, pressing continually higher and higher. I might say, Beethoven loves and cultivates the ascending, Mendelssohn the descending scale. Taking a larger and more general survey, we find, figuratively speaking, the same distinction again in the carrying through and development of whole compositions; especially if in their Symphonies and other complicated works we observe the increasing or decreasing strength (both in invention and in execution) of the single movements. Finally the same distinction runs through the whole life, through the entire development of the two composers. While Beethoven in the might of his ideas, in the completion of form, in the portrayal of great passions or great epochs of life, whether of an individual or of whole nations, presses ever

\* It is not generally known that the compositions of his sister appeared under the name of "F. Mendelssohn," on which account they were attributed to him. For the most part little songs, they are distinguished by their unaffected melody, their freshness, and their wholesome spirit.

higher and higher and solves the given problem to its complete result, to an absolute and imperious *ne plus ultra*, Mendelssohn begins simple, fresh, full of charm and full of promise, and gradually his circle of vision narrows, his power and his invention dwindle more and more. Hence it is unfortunately the works of his first and youthful period—especially those which, undertaken on untrodden ground, compelled him to create in his own independent way, and kept him from all anxious and respectful clinging to great models—and with the exception of smaller creations, it is most especially his music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" which has a future, and will maintain itself therein as a fresh work of genial inspiration. In that sphere Mendelssohn was necessarily happiest; none was more congenial to his nature, so naive, so tricky, so inclined to the ethereal and misty, to the sentimental and romantic; the fairies, playing their tricks upon the awkward clowns, were kindred beings; the love of Oberon and Titania was his own. In this he has industriously and wisely studied C. M. von Weber, who wrought so genially and happily before him in the same field; whether he has really surpassed him, I will not analyze; at all events he has reduced the fairy life to a formal system and given imperishable stimulus and nourishment to the passion of the human soul for masquerading in these fairy-like illusions. Here as nowhere else he felt himself at home. What wonder, that an artist of such yielding character willingly went further in the matter; that in his instrumental compositions the now inevitable fairies seemed to haunt continually, while moonlight, and Titania's longing and the ass's head were naturally not wanting—yet fainter from this time forward, at least no longer with such inward justification as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where *truth* raised him to the height of his achievements.

[Conclusion next week.]

### Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Concluded from page 155.)

But to come to the evening, which commenced with Bach's cantata. The first varied chorale, where the intermediate pieces take up a great deal too much room, went loosely and incorrectly in the orchestra. The air for the bass was omitted. The following airs passed off without effect, but the magnificently harmonized chorale produced a powerful impression. If now, as it had been determined, Bach's "Hallelujah," which had fallen among the audience like a bomb at the Friday's rehearsal, had been brought in here, it would probably not have produced a weaker impression than on the occasion referred to. But something was wanting for the end, and old Bach was removed thither, where such a short piece, after all possible kinds of modern music, no longer was, or could be of any effect.

After this came Schubert's genial Symphony. Liszt took the *allegros* in a very rapid tempo, and they were thus galloped through with a certain fire, and received with great applause. In spite of this, however, that, with the exception of a few passages, there was not the slightest approach to anything like delicate execution; anything like bringing prominently forward the melodies, or keeping down the quartet; of a beautiful piano or even pianissimo, in a word, anything that constitutes for a cultivated ear the charm of an instrumental performance, there was no sign. After the manner, however, in which the work had been hurried through at rehearsal, it would have been a miracle had matters turned out otherwise. The *andante* suffered most; its finest

passages were completely spoilt by a coarse *mezzo-forte*. It was not until during the Symphony that it was decided Dalle Aste would not appear in "Des Singers Fluch," by Schumann (although there had been some hopes he would do so). Rheinhaller undertook the part of the Harper, and, like an excellent musician, got through it very well, although the music is too high for him. Göbbels, especially, sang the Provençal song charmingly, and the male choruses were admirable. Herr Acken, an accomplished dilettante of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave evidence, in the part of the King, of a fine voice and an intelligent conception, though his pronunciation was not all that could be desired. The part of the Queen is so little conspicuous, that even a Mme. Milde could not make much of it. The performance, generally, was obscure, and anything but properly studied—it was got through without accident and that was all!

At the commencement of the second part, after Liszt had announced to the public the important changes in the programme, we had one of his so-called *Symphonische Dichtungen*, entitled "Festklänge." As we know, Liszt began his career as a composer for the orchestra by publishing six such compositions, which have lately often been discussed. To most of them is prefixed a kind of explanation in prose or verse, a statement of what the composer wanted to express or paint; in one word, a programme. The propriety of such programmes has been much disputed; I own that I do not think the question one of any very great importance, and that I look upon it in pretty much the same light that the Austrian looked upon religion. On being asked what religion he preferred above all others, he replied: "It is all the same to me whether a man is a Christian, a Jew, or a Turk, if he be but healthy." So, provided music be but healthy—if it be only genuine music, standing on its own merits, it is no matter by what means the composer arrived at it. Of Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, the "Festklänge" is the only one, by the way, which has no preface, motto, or anything of that description; and yet it produces on me the impression of following the course of a poem, or something of the kind, with ballet-music fidelity. Such a series of tunes ranged one after the other can scarcely originate in purely musical inspiration; it is very certain that Liszt had something more in view than what we can gather from the simple title of "Festklänge" (Festive Sounds).

The festive sounds of the kettle-drum, with which the composition opens, are followed by pious and sentimental, warlike and ecstatic, bacchanally wild and hoppingly soft sounds—nay, even a part of a "polonaise brillante" is several times introduced, in a bravura style, which reminds one of the most extreme specimens of Henri Herz's music for the pianoforte. Some of the motives are graceful and pleasing, but others verge very closely on the trivial; and the far-fetched harmony by which they are accompanied makes the impression produced still worse by the glaring opposition in which they stand to the melody and the rhythm. Liszt has, however, endeavored to blend into a whole the motives, thus ranged one after the other, by working them out and varying them in every possible way, as well as, moreover, by repetitions, which by their regularity have for me something snobbish.\* That all the resources of the most modern instrumentation are brought into requisition, and that here and there we are treated with a suitable "bang," is a matter of course; several of the softer passages are, however, scored very nicely, and sound charmingly, while others bear their pianistic origin too clearly branded on their forehead to produce a good effect in the orchestra.

To my taste, the whole is marked, for an orchestral composition, by something too capricious and disjointed. Executed by Liszt upon the pianoforte, and thus brought into immediate connection with his individuality, it would, I think, please more. After the performance, however, immense applause, with flourish of trumpets, flowers, etc., were showered upon him—and

\* This is, we think, the equivalent of the original word, *Philistines*.—TRANSLATOR.

although this is to be accounted for by the fact that the "Festive leader" was as much concerned in this result as the "Festive sounds," I do not doubt that the composition pleased many persons very much. Liszt has had a notice printed, that his orchestral pieces by no means "lay any claim to every-day popularity." With reference to the present work, he was too modest, and I am inclined to believe that it will achieve a kind of notoriety which, perhaps, will not be agreeable to the composer from his particular point of view.

The *Flight into Egypt*, the second part of Berlioz's work, which has been so much discussed, is too insignificant for a musical festival. A half-fugued instrumental movement (during which the composer supposes the assembling of the shepherds around the infant Jesus) is followed by the farewell song of the latter, a song in three strophes for four voices, which, to some extent, resembles the well-known piece, "Entfieh' mit mir," by Mendelssohn—it is, however, longer, and contains vocal passages and modulations which never could have entered the head of a composer of the year 1879, and never should have entered that of a composer of the year 1852. In spite of all this the general effect is very pleasing. A kind of pastoral, that is first introduced as an instrumental movement, and afterwards re-appears, sung by the narrating tenor, contains some naively melodious passages, with charmingly thoughtful instrumentation. The two or three bars of "Hallelujahs," sung by the chorus of angels, and concluding the whole, Liszt, in obedience to the directions of Berlioz, caused to be executed by a small number of voices from the highest part of the orchestra. This succeeded only tolerably; and I think he would have done better to have had them sung by the entire (female) chorus. The simple chords of the tonic and dominant, which constitute the principal portion of this conclusion, need, when correctly sung by a large number of clear voices, no especial art of arrangement. They will for ever prove beautiful and effective.

I have already given you my opinion concerning Bach's chorus, which terminated the concert, and I believe I have nothing to add to my notice, which is, perhaps, already too diffusive. I will send you, to-morrow, an account of the third and so-called Artists' Concert, and hope that, for my own sake and for yours, I shall be able to be more brief. Meanwhile—

FERDINAND HILLER.

### Carl Czerny.

I.

[From the Evening Post, New York.]

Carl Czerny, perhaps the most prolific composer of Vienna, died on the 15th of July, in the 67th year of his age. While the celebrated Beethoven finished only one hundred and thirty works, and the imaginative Hummel only one hundred and twelve, Czerny has produced almost one thousand compositions, among them several musical anthologies, each containing several volumes, but counted only as one. His transcriptions and arrangements from operas, a work for which Czerny was admirably fitted, are not reckoned in this enumeration. The facility with which Czerny composed is almost fabulous, and reminds one of the poet Kotzebue, or of the painter Luca Giordano, surnamed *Fa-presto*. His works did not possess originality, yet his life is intimately connected with the musical life of Vienna, and in more than one respect his labors will be missed.

Carl Czerny was born on the 21st (18th) of February, 1791, in Vienna, in the faubourg Jägerzeil. His father, a Bohemian by birth, who came to Vienna in 1785, as a music teacher, instructed his son early in his art, and with excellent success. At fourteen years of age the boy began to teach. Liszt, Döhler, Carolina Belleville, Eggard, were among his pupils.

In 1818 he appears as a composer. His principal compositions for learners are the "Schools of the Piano," "*Études*," under the well-known titles, "School of Executions," "One Hundred Exercises," etc., which are among the best that



musical literature can boast in this direction. His arrangements of popular melodies for beginners have great practical value. The art of piano-playing owes more to Czerny than to any one else. It was he who indicated the way to its perfection.

He was less fortunate in his original compositions. He was an eclectic both in the good and evil sense of the term. The immense demands which were made on his productiveness he easily met. But his works usually contained certain frivolous passages, which at last became so well-known as to miss their effect.

Most of the German publishers have published works of Czerny, and found them gold mines. English publishers, among them the celebrated firm of Cocks & Son, of London, sought his compositions and honored them with heavy guineas.

In 1836 and '37 Czerny made a journey to London in company with the celebrated court piano-manufacturer, Conrad Graf, and was exceedingly well received. He had the pleasure of finding his compositions on the piano of the Princess Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain, who graciously invited him to play a duet with her, an honor which he often mentioned with pride.

Carl Czerny corresponded with all the musical celebrities of our century. Beethoven, whom he highly venerated, Schubert, Hummel, Liszt, Thalberg and many others were his personal friends. To the last he preserved a most lively interest in his art. The little good natured man, with a little black cap on his head, was to be seen at every musical reunion sitting on one of the last benches, always attentively listening, never offensive in his remarks, acknowledging the good parts, and, even in very inferior productions, taking the will for the deed.

Czerny was never married, and led the most simple bachelor's life. His cats, which he had taught to take their meals from his hands at the ringing of a bell, were the companions of his old age, which was made dreary by protracted illness and voluntary retirement. The grave of Czerny covers one of the last witnesses of the glorious musical epoch of Vienna. Envy, as Czerny knew well, would have kept him in oblivion during his lifetime. He revenged himself by leaving legacies in his will for charitable purposes.

## II.

(From the London Musical World.)

The death of Carl Czerny, although it cannot be said to have deprived the world of a first-class musician, has robbed it of a remarkable character. Czerny was neither a great master nor a man of genius. His mission was rather to teach others than to produce himself, notwithstanding his 2,000 printed and 500 unprinted compositions, if not one of which had been written it would have made very little difference to music in the end. An indefatigable laborer in the field of art, however, Czerny won and merited a place among the eminent musicians of this epoch, and has gone to his rest as full of honors as of years.

The influence of Czerny as a teacher has no doubt been valuable. The piano-forte was his instrument. He began to give lessons at the age of fourteen, and continued the same vocation for half a century incessantly. His early promise as an executant was never exactly fulfilled, since the time which he devoted to instruction and to composition left him very little for that mechanical practice without which perfection is unattainable. Nevertheless he started well, and by an ardent study of John Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Clementi, and such models, he had already acquired in his boyhood considerable proficiency, and laid the foundations for that which, with further development, might have become one of the foremost talents of the day. What inspired him with a predilection for the dryer pursuit of teaching, whether love of money, or disinclination for deeper and more earnest labors, it is impossible to say. At all events he stopped short in his career as a *virtuoso* just as the world around him began to talk of it, and in a very few years was the most successful "professor" in Vienna. Among his pupils were Mlle. de Belleville (now Mad.

Oury), Liszt, Döhler, and Leopold de Meyer. Czerny gave so many lessons, that twelve hours were daily absorbed by them; and yet he could find time for composing, arranging, and fingering more than any three of his contemporaries.

Before pondering on such apparent fertility, however, it is necessary to reflect upon the nature of these countless productions. Czerny began to write when a mere child, without any other guide than himself; but he was nearly thirty when his first published works\* appeared; so that we shall have to put up with the loss of a vast number of juvenile compositions, unless the manuscripts are preserved—which Heaven forbid. As Czerny never had a master, but went on composing after his own manner, and on the strength of his own resources, he may be said to have formed himself into a musician by reason of the mere facility that never refuses to wait upon the constant exercise of any faculty of the mind. His mature works, indeed, though none of them betray such intrinsic worth as to save them from ultimate oblivion, are marked by finish and elegance as well as by fluency.

Czerny tried his hand at everything, from the symphony and oratorio to the smallest bagatelle. In all the higher branches of composition he failed—since, beside his want of solid acquirement, he was wholly without imagination. Such of his larger works as have appeared in print—his piano-forte sonatas for example—may be taken as specimens of his inefficiency. They are diffuse and tedious, poor in subjects, and developed with very little skill—and this in the face of strong evidence that their author intended them to be elaborate. Much happier than these cumbrous abortions were the lighter effusions of Czerny—fantasias, variations, etc.—produced at a time when M. Henri Herz was acquiring that evanescent popularity which shone so brightly for a period over the length and breadth of Europe, and is now pretty nearly extinct. Czerny imitated M. Herz as he had imitated others; and the new model being much easier to copy than the "Bachs" and "Beethovens" of his earlier worship, he was this time more successful—so much so, that for a long time the "Variations," etc., of Czerny were as much in vogue as those of the sparkling Frenchman himself.

We are not going to follow Czerny throughout his career of usefulness, which might have been pursued in a way at once more concise and to the purpose, while less laborious; nor should we dream of even glancing at his numberless productions. Whatever he was, and whatever he did, it is certain that he attained a high position in his own country, and that no name was more respected. An amiable, quiet, inoffensive man, he was generally esteemed; and, in later years, no lover of music would think a sojourn in Vienna complete unless he had conversed with the patriarch who knew Beethoven intimately, and was one of the first to make proselytes to the name of that immense and unfathomable genius. The visit was never unfruitful, since Czerny talked cheerfully and well, and knew, perhaps, as much (recluse as he was) about the progress of the musical art, and the lives, habits, and talents of its followers, in the present age, as any man living.

If we were invited to decide upon what was Czerny's most valuable bequest to posterity, we should name, without hesitation, his edition of the piano-forte works of John Sebastian Bach, the mere fingering of which, to many, would have been the task of a life. No reprint of these compositions should be issued without the invaluable adjuncts which Czerny made a labor of love. Had Czerny performed no other act than that of fingering the preludes, fugues, and other works of Bach as he has done, he would have entitled himself to the gratitude and esteem of musicians.†

\* Variations in D (*concertante*), for piano and violin; and *Rondo Brilliant* in F, for two performers on the piano-forte.

† Czerny's fingering is followed in the Boston edition of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, (or "Well-tempered Clavichord,") now in course of publication by O. Ditson & Co.

## III.

### CZERNY'S WILL.

In anticipation of its pleasing God to call me from this world, I have, with full deliberation, drawn up my last will and testament in the following manner.

The following is about the amount of my property:

A. Eighty-four 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins.

B. 10 bank shares.

(N. B. My parents were poor and not able to leave me anything. As early as 1807, however, I was fortunate enough to procure a great many pupils, and, as far back as 1818, when I already used to teach the piano in the first families, besides being overwhelmed with orders for compositions from many music publishers, both at home and abroad, I was enabled to purchase two or three such metallics every year, so that in 1852 I possessed 10,000 florins in these securities.)

C. As I was formerly very often paid in ducats for teaching and composition, and as I never paid them away, I possessed even before 1848 above 1,000 ducats. In the uncertain year, 1848—1849, I bought up for all the bank notes I then possessed about 2,000 ducats more, so that I have now somewhere about 3,000 ducats in gold.

D. In addition to this, I have 72 Napoléons d'or, which I received from French publishers for various compositions.

E. About 600 or 800 florins in silver *Zwanzi-gers*.

F. About 5,000 florins in bank notes, put by out of my yearly income, since, on account of indisposition during many years, I have always lived very moderately.

G. Two shares in the Salm lottery, one in the St. Genois, one in the Keglevich, and one share in the State Loan of 1839.

H. Besides my household furniture, clothes, linen, library, and collection of music, I possess the following valuable articles:

4 gold watches.

6 gold snuff-boxes, presents from the Archduchess Marie Louise, Liszt, Döhler, and others.

1 larger box with jewels, a present from the Grand Princess of Weimar.

1 silver case with my initials on it, a present from the Princess Maria of Bavaria, now Queen Dowager of Saxony, (my pupil.)

1 amethyst pin with brilliants, two brilliant rings (a solitary and alliance ring, which I purchased some time ago of Turk.)

1 old silver snuff-box, from my late father.

1 mahogany *nécessaire*, with various objects, partly silver, (a present from Prince Radzivil.)

My whole property may, therefore, amount to about 100,000 florins, currency.

Of all this, I dispose as follows:

1. My soul I recommend to the mercy of the Almighty Creator; my body shall be laid simply, but in accordance with the Christian Catholic custom, in a grave by itself.

2. I was the only child of my parents, and have no issue. Since, moreover, I am not acquainted with any person related to me by the ties of consanguinity, I have not consequently to take any such person into consideration.

Nevertheless, twenty 5 per cent. metallics, of 1000 florins, together with the interest from the day of my death, shall be left in the hands of the legal authorities, and I bequeath this sum to such of my relations, entitled to inherit, in the order of their descent, as shall legally prove themselves such within the space of six years.

My father, Wenzel Czerny, was born at Nimburg, in Bohemia, not far from Prague and Colín, about the year 1750. His father, Dominic Czerny, is said to have been *Rathsherr* or something of the kind on the magisterial bench there. It is believed that my father had several brothers, of whom there are, perhaps, descendants living. Not only, therefore, shall researches be made by the authorities of Nimburg, but, for six years, an edict shall be inserted every year in the Prague paper, calling upon such relations to present themselves. If, however, no real relation shall have appeared and proved his relationship within six years, this legacy, together with

the interest, shall revert to my testamentary legatees.

3. My housekeeper, Maria Malek, (whose maiden name was Machatschek), has, for about forty years, served truly and honestly my father and mother as well as myself, and tended on my father and mother to the end of their existence, so that it is my duty properly to provide for her. I bequeath to her, therefore, twelve 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins, which are to be given her immediately, so that she may have a yearly income of 600 florins.

4. To her brother, Joseph Machatschek, who, since her husband's death, has lived with me as a servant, I, in like manner, bequeath four 5 per cent. metallics of 1,000 florins, that is to say an income of 200 florins. Besides this, the two can remain in my house till next dividend day, and for six weeks receive their usual wages and board.

5. The kitchen-maid shall receive immediately 200 florins, with wages and board like the two others.

6. I devote 1,000 florins, currency, to a simple and becoming monument over my separate grave, with the inscription:

"Carl Czerny, Musician, born, in Vienna, the 21st February, 1791, died . . . . ."

7. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* shall receive all the printed music of my own composition, as well as all that of other authors, (among which there are several very fine works.)

8. To the Imperial Hof-Bibliothek I give two original manuscripts by Beethoven—one the violin concerto, Op. 61, and the score of the overture, Op. 114, which I once had an opportunity of purchasing.

9. As I leave behind me a very large number of yet unprinted original manuscripts, (symphonies; concertos; violin quartets, quintets, trios; sonatas, duos, trios, quartets, etc., with piano-forte, all in the serious style), I bequeath all these compositions, (with the exception of the sacred ones), to Herr Carl Spina, music publisher to his majesty the Emperor. I should wish the most available of them to be printed.

10. Herr Joseph Doppler, book-keeper at Herr Carl Spina's, shall have all my sacred compositions (about 24 masses, 4 requiems, about 300 graduals and offertoriums, etc., etc.) Should Herr Spina wish to publish any of them, he shall be authorized to do so; but he must pay Herr Doppler an adequate sum for the privilege.

11. The two domestics, Joseph Machatschek and Maria Malek, shall have all the furniture and fittings of my rooms and kitchen, including my clocks and watches, my clothes, body and household linen.

12. My two piano-fortes by Börsendorf, my violin, the bust of Beethoven, and all other objects relating to music, I bequeath to the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

13. I beg Dr. Rud. von Vivenot (senior) to accept, as a keepsake, the jewelled snuff-box (that from the Grand Princess of Weimar.)

14. Herr Joseph Doppler (at Spina's) shall have the six gold snuff-boxes.

15. Herr Carl Oster, Rechnungsrath, shall have the four gold watches.

16. 200 florins in bank notes shall be given to Joseph Sieler (servant in C. Spina's establishment.)

17. With regard to those objects of which I have not disposed, as well as the pin and rings (especially my library of nearly 3,000 volumes, maps, scientific collections, etc.) I beg Dr. Sonnleithner to receive them, and select what he likes.

The bulk of what remains can then be disposed of, gold, shares, obligations, and other valuable objects being retained for my inheritors.

18. I desire that, on every anniversary of my death (or on the nearest fitting day), either a requiem or one of my last *grand masses* may be performed, in memory of me, in the Augustine Imperial and parish church.

To this purpose I devote as capital 1,000 florins 5 per cent. metallics, 40 florins of the interest on which shall belong to the musicians, and the rest to the church.

19. As heirs of all else I possess, I name the

four following institutions to share in equal portions.

I. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna, shall receive a fourth.

II. I bequeath a fourth to the Association for the Support of Necessitous Musicians, in Vienna. Of the interest on this fourth, Herr Joh. Mozatti, singing-master, and Herr Carl Maria von Bocklet, musician, shall each receive half for the term of his natural life.

III. The third fourth I devote in equal portions to the Association for the cure of Blind Adults, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Vienna. In the first instance, however, the interest on this fourth shall be wholly set apart to maintain for life the two deaf and dumb daughters of Mad. Julie Schmiedel, widow, so that the said interest shall not accrue to the above institutions until after the death of those two persons.

IV. Half of the remaining fourth shall belong to the monastery of the Brothers of Charity, and half to the Institution of the Sisters of Charity in Vienna, as I deeply reverence the pious self-devotion of these two religious corporations.

20. All the preceding legacies, as well as any others that may afterwards be added, and the obligations, with interest, from the day of my death, shall be carried out as soon as possible.

21. With the exception of the sum set apart for my relations, and that necessary for the payment of the usual fees, nothing shall be lodged in the hands of the legal authorities, but the whole shall be taken charge of, in common, by the persons entrusted with the execution of my will, and, without delay, applied to its destined object.

22. I appoint Dr. Leopold von Sonnleithner executor, agent, and curator for my unknown relatives, and, for undertaking this charge, he is to be properly recompensed. I beg Herr Carl Spina to assist him in this business, especially in that portion of it which relates to art, and, in case of necessity, to take his place.

This is my last will and testament, all of which I have drawn up and written with my own hand.

(L. S.) CARL CZERNY, M. P.

Vienna, 13th June, 1857.

Inscription on the outside:—Last Will and Testament of Carl Czerny, Musician, June, 1857.

#### NOTICE.

This will, in an envelope under three seals, brought, this day, to the court by Herr Stefan Zappe, and immediately made known in the presence of the same and of Herr Joseph Machatschek, is to be preserved in the archives; copies are to be given out when demanded, and a legally authenticated copy inserted in the day-book.

Imperial Bezirksgericht of the Inner City,

LÖFFLER, M. P.

Vienna, 16th July, 1857.

#### Royal Italian Opera, London.

The *Times* of August 3d gives the following summary of the past operatic season.

The season just terminated (the 11th) has been one of the least eventful, and, we believe, with one exception (1856), the shortest on record.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *I Puritani*, and closed on Friday, the 31st of July, with *La Favorita*, in both cases the energetic GRISI being the heroine of the evening. Grisi, who bade the English public farewell in 1854, in 1857 has been one of the main supporters of the establishment, which, combined with the undiminished favor of her patrons, merely proves that there was no substantial reason for her taking leave at all. It is more than probable, indeed, that Grisi will inaugurate the 12th season of the Royal Italian Opera, at the new theatre in Bow street, now so confidently anticipated, as she did the first (in 1847) at the house of the Kenbles, so recently destroyed by fire. Besides the two operas we have named, this indomitable and gifted lady appeared in the course of the present year as Norma, one of the oldest assumptions, and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), her youngest, but not least meritorious; as Lucrezia Borgia, a part in which she is likely for a long

time to set competition at defiance; and as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), abandoned by her for a time, and resumed with such excellence as to justify the hope that while she remains on the boards she will never relinquish it again. In every instance she exhibited a vocal power that could not fail to astonish all those acquainted with the history of her long and brilliant career, united to a histrionic talent which successive years have only tended to bring nearer and nearer to perfection. In short, Grisi is a phenomenon to which the lyric stage has offered scarcely a parallel. From her we must turn to MARIO, since the two have been intimately associated for so lengthened a period in the eyes of the public, that to separate them is impossible. With his admirable partner Mario frequently came forward, and most frequently (to the satisfaction of "Verdists") in *Il Trovatore*. The part of Manrico was first assumed by Mario in 1856, on the secession of Signor Tamberlik, who left early in the season for Rio Janeiro. It is now one of the great tenors' most faultless impersonations. The other works in which Mario and Grisi sang together are *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita* and *Don Giovanni*. Besides these, however, and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with its immortal "La donna e mobile," Mario added a new and important part to his repertory—that of Alfredo in *La Traviata*—of the many and striking excellencies of which, the opera having been performed so often, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His singing this season—for Mario one of more than ordinary exertion—has been of the very best, and the patrons of the theatre never had juster reason to be satisfied with their favorite. The very few nights that found him with voice impaired, and therefore not thoroughly master of his resources, were as nothing weighed in the balance against those transcendent manifestations of vocal and histrionic genius which repeatedly proclaimed, to the gratification of connoisseurs, that Mario was still Mario, and unsurpassable.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the season were the various performances of Mne. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, who by dint of natural talents and perseverance has rapidly risen to the highest rank in her profession. This distinguished singer—as a mistress of the art of vocalization second only to one contemporary, over whom she may be said to enjoy the advantage of possessing an absolute "soprano" voice, which in the female register, like the "tenor" in the male, must always claim a certain supremacy—made her first appearance as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. What we said of her on that occasion may be repeated here:

Her impersonation of the character of Gilda is probably the best ever seen upon the stage, and her execution of the music equally beyond comparison. Rapidly as this accomplished singer made her way in the estimation of the English public, it was as the unfortunate daughter of *Rigoletto* that she first stamped herself in the universal opinion as an artist of the highest order.

Praise has not been influential in spoiling Madame Bosio; on the contrary, it would seem to have exercised a beneficial tendency. At any rate, instead of retrograding, as so many do when they believe they have attained the pinnacle of fame, she still advances—a proof that she persists in devoting herself conscientiously to the study of her art.

How well Madame Bosio deserved this eulogy was subsequently again and again demonstrated. During the season, it is true, she only appeared in two other operas; but these were given often and with unvarying success. Her Violetta, in the *Traviata*, and her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, moreover, were new creations, in both of which she fully sustained her high renown.

RONCONI, the other great artist of the establishment—although the public had not this time the opportunity of enjoying his inimitable Figaro, or his irresistibly humorous Dulcamara—was one of the pillars of the season. His high tragedy in Chevreuse (*Maria di Rohan*), his low comedy in Lord Roeburg (*Fra Diavolo*), and his inimitable mixture of the two in *Rigoletto*, exci-



ted the usual sympathy and admiration. His Duke Alphonso (*Lucrezia Borgia*), evinced its accustomed histrionic excellence; and his Don Giovanni once more proved that the most gifted and versatile of actors may yet attempt something for which his peculiar idiosyncrasy unfits him. The English lord in Auber's opera was a new achievement, and merits a place by the side of Ronconi's most racy and genial portrayals.

Signor GARDONI appeared in four characters—Arturo (*I Puritani*), Pollio (*Norma*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), and Fra Diavolo. While exhibiting his usual good qualities in all of these, he was most successful as the Brigand of Terracina, since, if he had failed to present a vivid dramatic realization of the personage, he was at least thoroughly at home in the music, which he sang, for the most part, with admirable effect. Signor GRAZIANI's splendid barytone voice was as much extolled as ever, and his "Il balen," as of old, constituted one of the grand points in *Il Trovatore*. As the King, in *La Favorita*, and Enrico, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, he well maintained his position; while by his assumption of the elder Germont in *La Traviata*, Signor Grazi-ani rose a step higher in public estimation, and extorted from the best judges an avowal that he had made progress both as singer and actor. Signor NERI BARALDI proved himself not only generally useful as second tenor, but on one or two occasions eminently so, as a substitute for Mario, at very short notice, in those operas of Signor Verdi which have so constantly been presented for the delectation of the more fashionable patrons of the theatre. Mlle. MARAI, with very little to do, maintained her reputation as "second lady," and in one instance—by her Lady Roeburg (in *Fra Diavolo*)—enhanced it. Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, the contralto, one of the most zealous and competent artists in the establishment, distinguished herself more than ever in the parts of Di Gondi (*Maria di Rohan*), Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), and Azucena the Gipsy, each of which gained her golden opinions; and Signor TAGLIAFICO, ready, active, intelligent, and versatile as ever, besides those characters in which he had already won a reputation *sui generis*, achieved fresh and well-merited fame by his original and humorous delineation of one of the robbers in *Fra Diavolo*. HERR FORMES, greatly to the general disappointment, was only heard in one part—that of Leporello, which in many respects he understands and represents better than any other known performer. Of MM. POLONINI, ZELGER, and SOLDI, it is enough to say that the first was, as usual, a model Masetto, the second the most portly and substantial of High Priests, the last the most eager of subordinate tenors; and that all three, by their careful representation of minor parts, maintained the character of the theatre for general as well as individual efficiency. Mme. ROSA DEVRIES, who sang very rarely, nevertheless made a strong impression as the heroine in *Maria di Rohan*; and Mlle. PAREPA, a new-comer (from Lisbon), with a good voice and considerable talent, appeared once, and only once, as Elvira in the *Puritani*. Mlle. COTTI was painstaking as usual, in the small parts with which she was intrusted.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE may be separately alluded to, since she was not a regular member of the establishment. Her first appearance on any stage took place, as will be remembered, in *La Sonnambula*, and her successful impersonation of Amina was followed, some time later, by a not less happy essay as the unfortunate Lucy of *Lammermoor*. These were Mlle. Balfe's only performances; but the impression she created in both was so marked as to justify flattering anticipations of her future career. She has youth, beauty, a flexible voice of pleasing quality, solid musical acquirements, and (though a beginner), perfect ease upon the stage, in her favor. The rest depends upon herself, and we have little doubt she will leave nothing untried that may aid her in doing credit to the name she bears. Every one will watch her progress with interest, were it only because she is an Englishwoman; and if Mr. Balfe has won a name among foreigners as a composer, there is no reason why Miss Balfe

should not carve out an equally honorable position for herself upon the boards of the Italian Opera by the side of her not unfriendly Italian rivals.

A glance at the foregoing will show that the operas produced this year were the *Puritani*, *Norma*, and *Sonnambula* of Bellini; *Maria di Rohan*, *Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Lucia di Donizetti*; *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* of Verdi. Of these the *Traviata* and *Fra Diavolo* were new to the theatre. A whole session without a single opera of Rossini is perhaps unprecedented since the works of that greatest of Italian composers first took possession of the stage. For Meyerbeer of course we must not look until the erection of the new theatre; but the total neglect of Rossini seems inexplicable. The non-arrival of Lablache no doubt deprived us of the *Barbiere*; where, however, were the *Conte Ory*, *Otello*, and *Matilda di Shabran*—with Madame Bosio, Mario, Gardoni, and Ronconi in the theatre? Rossini has done too much for the prosperity of the Italian Opera to be cast aside, like old raiment, in addition to which he is by no means worn out; on the contrary, he is a vast deal younger, fresher, and more vigorous than some of those who have usurped his place. Signor Verdi is very well after his manner, but we must be careful not to neglect the genuine school of singing too much, or some fine day we may lose it altogether.

That Mr. COSTA should have continued to support his own reputation and that of the theatre by his energetic direction and the undiminished excellence of his band and chorus, is a matter of surprise to no one. Indeed, it is in what the French call the *ensemble* that one of the great charms of the Lyceum performances consists; and how much depends upon the orchestra it is unnecessary to urge. To this desirable result, moreover, no little has been contributed by Mr. W. BEVERLEY as scene painter, and Mr. A. HARRIS, stage-director. The ballet was stronger this season than last, since, besides CERITO, Mlle. PLUNKETT was engaged, and with an excellent troop of subordinates, headed by Mlles. DELECHAUX and ESPER, managed to keep up the attractions of the terpsichorean department after the departure of her admired and experienced predecessor.

Thus Mr. GYE (by the further assistance of Mme. RISTORI and the operatic concerts at Sydenham) has been able to weather out another season in the confined arena of the Lyceum. It is highly creditable to his management that he should have been able to keep this fine company together under such adverse circumstances; but it now behooves him to exert himself strenuously. The public will expect either the new theatre in Covent-garden for next year, or at least a more spacious and commodious edifice than the Lyceum.

### The Claqueurs at the Grand Opera, Paris.

[From the Traveller.]

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms,) stand very well at their bankers' and have their stock-broker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunkmaker in the upper gallery,'" "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph we had yesterday!" And they look down with an inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the

ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazeteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding-scale with the new-comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-bank and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success. And the great opera bends before their oaken staves and resonant hands, and respectfully places pit-tickets in their begging-box as peace-offerings.

The most celebrated of these vicarious trumpeters of fame, was a fellow named Auguste, who, after having "procured the success" of *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and several other celebrated and forgotten pieces, has retired full of years, honor and wealth to a suburban villa, where, after marrying his daughters well and setting up his sons, he fights over old battles and tells of the feats of prowess "he," Meyerbeer and Rossini accomplished, with unvarying success,—for his cellar, his larder and his cook make no bad "claqueurs." A common gift of well-kept cellars, larders and cooks, which give the salt and the diamond-dust everywhere to many a joke which else had fallen unflavored and dull! How he delights to describe those maiden performances of great works, when in his pea-green or red-brown coat he sat under the great chandelier and led on his troop, so skillfully distributed in the vast pit of the Opera that when the "gredins de billets payants" came in, they found themselves imprisoned in the meshes he had spread! How contemptuously he speaks of the "claqueurs" of the other theatres, who have, he says, nothing in the world to do, as plays are easily "carried," for they require nothing but hearty laughers, and the public is never angry with a laugher, while applauders are frequently menaced with "the door."

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has obtained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each commanded by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course, has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. Indeed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

LOVE AND MELODY.—Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, said a pretty thing when he said this:

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love:  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls.

higher and higher and solves the given problem to its complete result, to an absolute and imperious *ne plus ultra*, Mendelssohn begins simple, fresh, full of charm and full of promise, and gradually his circle of vision narrows, his power and his invention dwindle more and more. Hence it is unfortunately the works of his first and youthful period—especially those which, undertaken on untrodden ground, compelled him to create in his own independent way, and kept him from all anxious and respectful clinging to great models—and with the exception of smaller creations, it is most especially his music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" which has a future, and will maintain itself therein as a fresh work of genial inspiration. In that sphere Mendelssohn was necessarily happiest; none was more congenial to his nature, so naive, so tricky, so inclined to the ethereal and misty, to the sentimental and romantic; the fairies, playing their tricks upon the awkward clowns, were kindred beings; the love of Oberon and Titania was his own. In this he has industriously and wisely studied C. M. von Weber, who wrought so genially and happily before him in the same field; whether he has really surpassed him, I will not analyze; at all events he has reduced the fairy life to a formal system and given imperishable stimulus and nourishment to the passion of the human soul for masquerading in these fairy-like illusions. Here as nowhere else he felt himself at home. What wonder, that an artist of such yielding character willingly went further in the matter; that in his instrumental compositions the now inevitable fairies seemed to haunt continually, while moonlight, and Titania's longing and the ass's head were naturally not wanting—yet fainter from this time forward, at least no longer with such inward justification as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where truth raised him to the height of his achievements.

[Conclusion next week.]

### Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPPELLE.

(Concluded from page 155.)

But to come to the evening, which commenced with Bach's cantata. The first varied chorale, where the intermediate pieces take up a great deal too much room, went loosely and incorrectly in the orchestra. The air for the bass was omitted. The following airs passed off without effect, but the magnificently harmonized chorale produced a powerful impression. If now, as it had been determined, Bach's "Hallelujah," which had fallen among the audience like a bomb at the Friday's rehearsal, had been brought in here, it would probably not have produced a weaker impression than on the occasion referred to. But something was wanting for the end, and old Bach was removed thither, where such a short piece, after all possible kinds of modern music, no longer was, or could be of any effect.

After this came Schubert's genial Symphony. Liszt took the *allegros* in a very rapid tempo, and they were thus galloped through with a certain fire, and received with great applause. In spite of this, however, that, with the exception of a few passages, there was not the slightest approach to anything like delicate execution; anything like bringing prominently forward the melodies, or keeping down the quartet; of a beautiful piano or even pianissimo, in a word, anything that constitutes for a cultivated ear the charm of an instrumental performance, there was no sign. After the manner, however, in which the work had been hurried through at rehearsal, it would have been a miracle had matters turned out otherwise. The *andante* suffered most; its finest

passages were completely spoilt by a coarse mezzo-forte. It was not until during the Symphony that it was decided Dalle Aste would not appear in "Des Sängers Fluch," by Schumann (although there had been some hopes he would do so). Rheinthal undertook the part of the Harper, and, like an excellent musician, got through it very well, although the music is too high for him. Göbbels, especially, sang the Provençal song charmingly, and the male choruses were admirable. Herr Aeken, an accomplished dilettante of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave evidence, in the part of the King, of a fine voice and an intelligent conception, though his pronunciation was not all that could be desired. The part of the Queen is so little conspicuous, that even a Mme. Milde could not make much of it. The performance, generally, was obscure, and anything but properly studied—it was got through without accident and that was all!

At the commencement of the second part, after Liszt had announced to the public the important changes in the programme, we had one of his so-called *Symphonische Dichtungen*, entitled "Festklänge." As we know, Liszt began his career as a composer for the orchestra by publishing six such compositions, which have lately often been discussed. To most of them is prefixed a kind of explanation in prose or verse, a statement of what the composer wanted to express or paint; in one word, a programme. The propriety of such programmes has been much disputed; I own that I do not think the question one of any very great importance, and that I look upon it in pretty much the same light that the Austrian looked upon religion. On being asked what religion he preferred above all others, he replied: "It is all the same to me whether a man is a Christian, a Jew, or a Turk, if he be but healthy." So, provided music be but healthy—if it be only genuine music, standing on its own merits, it is no matter by what means the composer arrived at it. Of Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, the "Festklänge" is the only one, by the way, which has no preface, motto, or anything of that description; and yet it produces on me the impression of following the course of a poem, or something of the kind, with ballet-music fidelity. Such a series of tunes ranged one after the other can scarcely originate in purely musical inspiration; it is very certain that Liszt had something more in view than what we can gather from the simple title of "Festklänge" (Festive Sounds).

The festive sounds of the kettle-drum, with which the composition opens, are followed by pious and sentimental, warlike and ecstatic, bacchanally wild and hopingly soft sounds—nay, even a part of a "polonaise brillante" is several times introduced, in a bravura style, which reminds one of the most extreme specimens of Henri Herz's music for the pianoforte. Some of the motives are graceful and pleasing, but others verge very closely on the trivial; and the far-fetched harmony by which they are accompanied makes the impression produced still worse by the glaring opposition in which they stand to the melody and the rhythm. Liszt has, however, endeavored to blend into a whole the motives, thus ranged one after the other, by working them out and varying them in every possible way, as well as, moreover, by repetitions, which by their regularity have for me something snobbish.\* That all the resources of the most modern instrumentation are brought into requisition, and that here and there we are treated with a suitable "bang," is a matter of course; several of the softer passages are, however, scored very nicely, and sound charmingly, while others bear their pianistic origin too clearly branded on their forehead to produce a good effect in the orchestra.

To my taste, the whole is marked, for an orchestral composition, by something too capricious and disjointed. Executed by Liszt upon the pianoforte, and thus brought into immediate connection with his individuality, it would, I think, please more. After the performance, however, immense applause, with flourish of trumpets, flowers, etc., were showered upon him—and

\* This is, we think, the equivalent of the original word, *Philistines*.—TRANSLATOR.

although this is to be accounted for by the fact that the "Festive leader" was as much concerned in this result as the "Festive sounds," I do not doubt that the composition pleased many persons very much. Liszt has had a notice printed, that his orchestral pieces by no means "lay any claim to every-day popularity." With reference to the present work, he was too modest, and I am inclined to believe that it will achieve a kind of notoriety which, perhaps, will not be agreeable to the composer from his particular point of view.

The *Flight into Egypt*, the second part of Berlioz's work, which has been so much discussed, is too insignificant for a musical festival. A half-fugued instrumental movement (during which the composer supposes the assembling of the shepherds around the infant Jesus) is followed by the farewell song of the latter, a song in three strophes for four voices, which, to some extent, resembles the well-known piece, "Entlieh' mit mir," by Mendelssohn—it is, however, longer, and contains vocal passages and modulations which never could have entered the head of a composer of the year 1679, and never should have entered that of a composer of the year 1852. In spite of all this the general effect is very pleasing. A kind of pastoral, that is first introduced as an instrumental movement, and afterwards re-appears, sung by the narrating tenor, contains some naively melodious passages, with charmingly thoughtful instrumentation. The two or three bars of "Hallelujahs," sung by the chorus of angels, and concluding the whole, Liszt, in obedience to the directions of Berlioz, caused to be executed by a small number of voices from the highest part of the orchestra. This succeeded only tolerably; and I think he would have done better to have had them sung by the entire (female) chorus. The simple chords of the tonic and dominant, which constitute the principal portion of this conclusion, need, when correctly sung by a large number of clear voices, no especial art of arrangement. They will for ever prove beautiful and effective.

I have already given you my opinion concerning Bach's chorus, which terminated the concert, and I believe I have nothing to add to my notice, which is, perhaps, already too diffusive. I will send you, to-morrow, an account of the third and so-called Artists' Concert, and hope that, for my own sake and for yours, I shall be able to be more brief. Meanwhile—

FERDINAND HILLER.

### Carl Czerny.

I.

[From the Evening Post, New York.]

Carl Czerny, perhaps the most prolific composer of Vienna, died on the 15th of July, in the 67th year of his age. While the celebrated Beethoven finished only one hundred and thirty works, and the imaginative Hummel only one hundred and twelve, Czerny has produced almost one thousand compositions, among them several musical anthologies, each containing several volumes, but counted only as one. His transcriptions and arrangements from operas, a work for which Czerny was admirably fitted, are not reckoned in this enumeration. The facility with which Czerny composed is almost fabulous, and reminds one of the poet Kotzebue, or of the painter Luca Giordano, surnamed *Fa-presto*. His works did not possess originality, yet his life is intimately connected with the musical life of Vienna, and in more than one respect his labors will be missed.

Carl Czerny was born on the 21st (18th) of February, 1791, in Vienna, in the faubourg Jägerzeil. His father, a Bohemian by birth, who came to Vienna in 1785, as a music teacher, instructed his son early in his art, and with excellent success. At fourteen years of age the boy began to teach. Liszt, Döhler, Carolina Belleville, Egghard, were among his pupils.

In 1818 he appears as a composer. His principal compositions for learners are the "Schools of the Piano," "*Études*," under the well-known titles, "School of Executions," "One Hundred Exercises," etc., which are among the best that



musical literature can boast in this direction. His arrangements of popular melodies for beginners have great practical value. The art of piano-playing owes more to Czerny than to any one else. It was he who indicated the way to its perfection.

He was less fortunate in his original compositions. He was an eclectic both in the good and evil sense of the term. The immense demands which were made on his productiveness he easily met. But his works usually contained certain frivolous passages, which at last became so well-known as to miss their effect.

Most of the German publishers have published works of Czerny, and found them gold mines. English publishers, among them the celebrated firm of Cocks & Son, of London, sought his compositions and honored them with heavy guineas.

In 1836 and '37 Czerny made a journey to London in company with the celebrated court piano-manufacturer, Conrad Graf, and was exceedingly well received. He had the pleasure of finding his compositions on the piano of the Princess Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain, who graciously invited him to play a duet with her, an honor which he often mentioned with pride.

Carl Czerny corresponded with all the musical celebrities of our century. Beethoven, whom he highly venerated, Schubert, Hummel, Liszt, Thalberg and many others were his personal friends. To the last he preserved a most lively interest in his art. The little good natured man, with a little black cap on his head, was to be seen at every musical reunion sitting on one of the last benches, always attentively listening, never offensive in his remarks, acknowledging the good parts, and, even in very inferior productions, taking the will for the deed.

Czerny was never married, and led the most simple bachelor's life. His cats, which he had taught to take their meals from his hands at the ringing of a bell, were the companions of his old age, which was made dreary by protracted illness and voluntary retirement. The grave of Czerny covers one of the last witnesses of the glorious musical epoch of Vienna. Envy, as Czerny knew well, would have kept him in oblivion during his lifetime. He revenged himself by leaving legacies in his will for charitable purposes.

## II.

(From the London Musical World.)

The death of Carl Czerny, although it cannot be said to have deprived the world of a first-class musician, has robbed it of a remarkable character. Czerny was neither a great master nor a man of genius. His mission was rather to teach others than to produce himself, notwithstanding his 2,000 printed and 500 unprinted compositions, if not one of which had been written it would have made very little difference to music in the end. An indefatigable laborer in the field of art, however, Czerny won and merited a place among the eminent musicians of this epoch, and has gone to his rest as full of honors as of years.

The influence of Czerny as a teacher has no doubt been valuable. The piano-forte was his instrument. He began to give lessons at the age of fourteen, and continued the same vocation for half a century incessantly. His early promise as an executant was never exactly fulfilled, since the time which he devoted to instruction and to composition left him very little for that mechanical practice without which perfection is unattainable. Nevertheless he started well, and by an ardent study of John Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Clementi, and such models, he had already acquired in his boyhood considerable proficiency, and laid the foundations for that which, with further development, might have become one of the foremost talents of the day. What inspired him with a predilection for the dryer pursuit of teaching, whether love of money, or disinclination for deeper and more earnest labors, it is impossible to say. At all events he stopped short in his career as a *virtuoso* just as the world around him began to talk of it, and in a very few years was the most successful "professor" in Vienna. Among his pupils were Mlle. de Belleville (now Mad.

Oury), Liszt, Dohler, and Leopold de Meyer. Czerny gave so many lessons, that twelve hours were daily absorbed by them; and yet he could find time for composing, arranging, and fingering more than any three of his contemporaries.

Before pondering on such apparent fertility, however, it is necessary to reflect upon the nature of these countless productions. Czerny began to write when a mere child, without any other guide than himself; but he was nearly thirty when his first published works\* appeared; so that we shall have to put up with the loss of a vast number of juvenile compositions, unless the manuscripts are preserved—which Heaven forbid. As Czerny never had a master, but went on composing after his own manner, and on the strength of his own resources, he may be said to have formed himself into a musician by reason of the mere facility that never refuses to wait upon the constant exercise of any faculty of the mind. His mature works, indeed, though none of them betray such intrinsic worth as to save them from ultimate oblivion, are marked by finish and elegance as well as by fluency.

Czerny tried his hand at everything, from the symphony and oratorio to the smallest bagatelle. In all the higher branches of composition he failed—since, beside his want of solid acquirement, he was wholly without imagination. Such of his larger works as have appeared in print—his piano-forte sonatas for example—may be taken as specimens of his inefficiency. They are diffuse and tedious, poor in subjects, and developed with very little skill—and this in the face of strong evidence that their author intended them to be elaborate. Much happier than these cumbrous abortions were the lighter effusions of Czerny—fantasias, variations, etc.—produced at a time when M. Henri Herz was acquiring that evanescent popularity which shone so brightly for a period over the length and breadth of Europe, and is now pretty nearly extinct. Czerny imitated M. Herz as he had imitated others; and the new model being much easier to copy than the "Bachs" and "Beethovens" of his earlier worship, he was this time more successful—so much so, that for a long time the "Variations," etc., of Czerny were as much in vogue as those of the sparkling Frenchman himself.

We are not going to follow Czerny throughout his career of usefulness, which might have been pursued in a way at once more concise and to the purpose, while less laborious; nor should we dream of even glancing at his numberless productions. Whatever he was, and whatever he did, it is certain that he attained a high position in his own country, and that no name was more respected. An amiable, quiet, inoffensive man, he was generally esteemed; and, in later years, no lover of music would think a sojourn in Vienna complete unless he had conversed with the patriarch who knew Beethoven intimately, and was one of the first to make proselytes to the name of that immense and unfathomable genius. The visit was never unfruitful, since Czerny talked cheerfully and well, and knew, perhaps, as much (recluse as he was) about the progress of the musical art, and the lives, habits, and talents of its followers, in the present age, as any man living.

If we were invited to decide upon what was Czerny's most valuable bequeathal to posterity, we should name, without hesitation, his edition of the piano-forte works of John Sebastian Bach, the mere fingering of which, to many, would have been the task of a life. No reprint of these compositions should be issued without the invaluable adjuncts which Czerny made a labor of love. Had Czerny performed no other act than that of fingering the preludes, fugues, and other works of Bach as he has done, he would have entitled himself to the gratitude and esteem of musicians.†

\* Variations in D (*concertante*), for piano and violin; and *Rondo Brilliant* in F, for two performers on the piano-forte.

† Czerny's fingering is followed in the Boston edition of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, (or "Well-tempered Clavichord,") now in course of publication by O. Ditson & Co.

## III.

### CZERNY'S WILL.

In anticipation of its pleasing God to call me from this world, I have, with full deliberation, drawn up my last will and testament in the following manner.

The following is about the amount of my property:

A. Eighty-four 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins.

B. 10 bank shares.

(N. B. My parents were poor and not able to leave me anything. As early as 1807, however, I was fortunate enough to procure a great many pupils, and, as far back as 1818, when I already used to teach the piano in the first families, besides being overwhelmed with orders for compositions from many music publishers, both at home and abroad, I was enabled to purchase two or three such metallics every year, so that in 1852 I possessed 10,000 florins in these securities.)

C. As I was formerly very often paid in ducats for teaching and composition, and as I never paid them away, I possessed even before 1848 above 1,000 ducats. In the uncertain year, 1848—1849, I bought up for all the bank notes I then possessed about 2,000 ducats more, so that I have now somewhere about 3,000 ducats in gold.

D. In addition to this, I have 72 Napoleons d'or, which I received from French publishers for various compositions.

E. About 600 or 800 florins in silver *Zwanzi-gers*.

F. About 5,000 florins in bank notes, put by out of my yearly income, since, on account of indisposition during many years, I have always lived very moderately.

G. Two shares in the Salm lottery, one in the St. Genois, one in the Keglevich, and one share in the State Loan of 1839.

H. Besides my household furniture, clothes, linen, library, and collection of music, I possess the following valuable articles:

4 gold watches.

6 gold snuff-boxes, presents from the Archduchess Marie Louise, Liszt, Döhler, and others.

1 larger box with jewels, a present from the Grand Princess of Weimar.

1 silver case with my initials on it, a present from the Princess Maria of Bavaria, now Queen Dowager of Saxony, (my pupil.)

1 amethyst pin with brilliants, two brilliant rings (a solitary and alliance ring, which I purchased some time ago of Türk.)

1 old silver snuff-box, from my late father.

1 mahogany *nécessaire*, with various objects, partly silver, (a present from Prince Radzivil.)

My whole property may, therefore, amount to about 100,000 florins, currency.

Of all this, I dispose as follows:

1. My soul I recommend to the mercy of the Almighty Creator; my body shall be laid simply, but in accordance with the Christian Catholic custom, in a grave by itself.

2. I was the only child of my parents, and have no issue. Since, moreover, I am not acquainted with any person related to me by the ties of consanguinity, I have not consequently to take any such person into consideration.

Nevertheless, twenty 5 per cent. metallics, of 1000 florins, together with the interest from the day of my death, shall be left in the hands of the legal authorities, and I bequeath this sum to such of my relations, entitled to inherit, in the order of their descent, as shall legally prove themselves such within the space of six years.

My father, Wenzel Czerny, was born at Nimburg, in Bohemia, not far from Prague and Coln, about the year 1750. His father, Dominic Czerny, is said to have been *Rathsherr* or something of the kind on the magisterial bench there. It is believed that my father had several brothers, of whom there are, perhaps, descendants living. Not only, therefore, shall researches be made by the authorities of Nimburg, but, for six years, an edict shall be inserted every year in the Prague paper, calling upon such relations to present themselves. If, however, no real relation shall have appeared and proved his relationship within six years, this legacy, together with

the interest, shall revert to my testamentary legatees.

3. My housekeeper, Maria Malek, (whose maiden name was Machatschek), has, for about forty years, served truly and honestly my father and mother as well as myself, and tended on my father and mother to the end of their existence, so that it is my duty properly to provide for her. I bequeath to her, therefore, twelve 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins, which are to be given her immediately, so that she may have a yearly income of 600 florins.

4. To her brother, Joseph Machatschek, who, since her husband's death, has lived with me as a servant, I, in like manner, bequeath four 5 per cent. metallics of 1,000 florins, that is to say an income of 200 florins. Besides this, the two can remain in my house till next dividend day, and for six weeks receive their usual wages and board.

5. The kitchen-maid shall receive immediately 200 florins, with wages and board like the two others.

6. I devote 1,000 florins, currency, to a simple and becoming monument over my separate grave, with the inscription:

"Carl Czerny, Musician, born in Vienna, the 21st February, 1791, died . . . ."

7. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* shall receive all the printed music of my own composition, as well as all that of other authors, (among which there are several very fine works.)

8. To the Imperial Hof-Bibliothek I give two original manuscripts by Beethoven—one the violin concerto, Op. 61, and the score of the overture, Op. 114, which I once had an opportunity of purchasing.

9. As I leave behind me a very large number of yet unprinted original manuscripts, (symphonies; concertos; violin quartets, quintets, trios; sonatas, duos, trios, quartets, etc., with piano-forte, all in the serious style), I bequeath all these compositions, (with the exception of the sacred ones), to Herr Carl Spina, music publisher to his majesty the Emperor. I should wish the most available of them to be printed.

10. Herr Joseph Doppler, book-keeper at Herr Carl Spina's, shall have all my sacred compositions (about 24 masses, 4 requiems, about 300 graduals and offertoriums, etc., etc.) Should Herr Spina wish to publish any of them, he shall be authorized to do so; but he must pay Herr Doppler an adequate sum for the privilege.

11. The two domestics, Joseph Machatschek and Maria Malek, shall have all the furniture and fittings of my rooms and kitchen, including my clocks and watches, my clothes, body and household linen.

12. My two piano-fortes by Börsendorf, my violin, the bust of Beethoven, and all other objects relating to music, I bequeath to the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

13. I beg Dr. Rud. von Vivenot (senior) to accept, as a keepsake, the jewelled snuff-box (that from the Grand Princess of Weimar.)

14. Herr Joseph Doppler (at Spina's) shall have the six gold snuff-boxes.

15. Herr Carl Oster, Rechnungsrath, shall have the four gold watches.

16. 200 florins in bank notes shall be given to Joseph Sieler (servant in C. Spina's establishment.)

17. With regard to those objects of which I have not disposed, as well as the pin and rings (especially my library of nearly 3,000 volumes, maps, scientific collections, etc.,) I beg Dr. Sonnleithner to receive them, and select what he likes.

The bulk of what remains can then be disposed of, gold, shares, obligations, and other valuable objects being retained for my inheritors.

18. I desire that, on every anniversary of my death (or on the nearest fitting day), either a requiem or one of my last grand masses may be performed, in memory of me, in the Augustine Imperial and parish church.

To this purpose I devote as capital 1,000 florins 5 per cent. metallics, 40 florins of the interest on which shall belong to the musicians, and the rest to the church.

19. As heirs of all else I possess, I name the

four following institutions to share in equal portions.

I. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna, shall receive a fourth.

II. I bequeath a fourth to the Association for the Support of Necessitous Musicians, in Vienna. Of the interest on this fourth, Herr Joh. Mozatti, singing-master, and Herr Carl Maria von Bocklet, musician, shall each receive half for the term of his natural life.

III. The third fourth I devote in equal portions to the Association for the cure of Blind Adults, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Vienna. In the first instance, however, the interest on this fourth shall be wholly set apart to maintain for life the two deaf and dumb daughters of Mad. Julie Schmiedel, widow, so that the said interest shall not accrue to the above institutions until after the death of those two persons.

IV. Half of the remaining fourth shall belong to the monastery of the Brothers of Charity, and half to the Institution of the Sisters of Charity in Vienna, as I deeply reverence the pious self-devotion of these two religious corporations.

20. All the preceding legacies, as well as any others that may afterwards be added, and the obligations, with interest, from the day of my death, shall be carried out as soon as possible.

21. With the exception of the sum set apart for my relations, and that necessary for the payment of the usual fees, nothing shall be lodged in the hands of the legal authorities, but the whole shall be taken charge of, in common, by the persons entrusted with the execution of my will, and, without delay, applied to its destined object.

22. I appoint Dr. Leopold von Sonnleithner executor, agent, and curator for my unknown relatives, and, for undertaking this charge, he is to be properly recompensed. I beg Herr Carl Spina to assist him in this business, especially in that portion of it which relates to art, and, in case of necessity, to take his place.

This is my last will and testament, all of which I have drawn up and written with my own hand.

(L. S.) CARL CZERNY, M. P.

Vienna, 13th June, 1857.

Inspection on the outside:—Last Will and Testament of Carl Czerny, Musician, June, 1857.

#### NOTICE.

This will, in an envelope under three seals, brought, this day, to the court by Herr Stefan Zappe, and immediately made known in the presence of the same and of Herr Joseph Machatschek, is to be preserved in the archives; copies are to be given out when demanded, and a legally authenticated copy inserted in the day-book.

Imperial Bezirksgericht of the Inner City,  
LÖFFLER, M. P.

Vienna, 16th July, 1857.

#### Royal Italian Opera, London.

The *Times* of August 3d gives the following summary of the past operatic season.

The season just terminated (the 11th) has been one of the least eventful, and, we believe, with one exception (1856), the shortest on record.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *I Puritani*, and closed on Friday, the 31st of July, with *La Favorita*, in both cases the energetic GRISI being the heroine of the evening. Grisi, who bade the English public farewell in 1854, in 1857 has been one of the main supporters of the establishment, which, combined with the undiminished favor of her patrons, merely proves that there was no substantial reason for her taking leave at all. It is more than probable, indeed, that Grisi will inaugurate the 12th season of the Royal Italian Opera, at the new theatre in Bow street, now so confidently anticipated, as she did the first (in 1847) at the house of the Kembles, so recently destroyed by fire. Besides the two operas we have named, this indomitable and gifted lady appeared in the course of the present year as Norma, one of the oldest assumptions, and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), her youngest, but not least meritorious; as Lucrezia Borgia, a part in which she is likely for a long

time to set competition at defiance; and as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), abandoned by her for a time, and resumed with such excellence as to justify the hope that while she remains on the boards she will never relinquish it again. In every instance she exhibited a vocal power that could not fail to astonish all those acquainted with the history of her long and brilliant career, united to a histrionic talent which successive years have only tended to bring nearer and nearer to perfection. In short, Grisi is a phenomenon to which the lyric stage has offered scarcely a parallel. From her we must turn to MARIO, since the two have been intimately associated for so lengthened a period in the eyes of the public, that to separate them is impossible. With his admirable partner Mario frequently came forward, and most frequently (to the satisfaction of "Verdists") in *Il Trovatore*. The part of Manrico was first assumed by Mario in 1856, on the secession of Signor Tamberlik, who left early in the season for Rio Janeiro. It is now one of the great tenor's most faultless impersonations. The other works in which Mario and Grisi sang together are *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita* and *Don Giovanni*. Besides these, however, and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with its immortal "La donna è mobile," Mario added a new and important part to his repertory—that of Alfredo in *La Traviata*—of the many and striking excellences of which, the opera having been performed so often, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His singing this season—for Mario one of more than ordinary exertion—has been of the very best, and the patrons of the theatre never had juster reason to be satisfied with their favorite. The very few nights that found him with voice impaired, and therefore not thoroughly master of his resources, were as nothing weighed in the balance against those transcendent manifestations of vocal and histrionic genius which repeatedly proclaimed, to the gratification of connoisseurs, that Mario was still Mario, and unsurpassable.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the season were the various performances of Mme. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, who by dint of natural talents and perseverance has rapidly risen to the highest rank in her profession. This distinguished singer—as a mistress of the art of vocalization second only to one contemporary, over whom she may be said to enjoy the advantage of possessing an absolute "soprano" voice, which in the female register, like the "tenor" in the male, must always claim a certain supremacy—made her first appearance as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. What we said of her on that occasion may be repeated here:

Her impersonation of the character of Gilda is probably the best ever seen upon the stage, and her execution of the music equally beyond comparison. Rapidly as this accomplished singer made her way in the estimation of the English public, it was as the unfortunate daughter of Rigoletto that she first stamped herself in the universal opinion as an artist of the highest order.

Praise has not been influential in spoiling Madame Bosio; on the contrary, it would seem to have exercised a beneficial tendency. At any rate, instead of retrograding, as so many do when they believe they have attained the pinnacle of fame, she still advances—a proof that she persists in devoting herself conscientiously to the study of her art.

How well Madame Bosio deserved this eulogy was subsequently again and again demonstrated. During the season, it is true, she only appeared in two other operas; but these were given often and with unvarying success. Her Violetta, in the *Traviata*, and her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, moreover, were new creations, in both of which she fully sustained her high renown.

RONCONI, the other great artist of the establishment—although the public had not this time the opportunity of enjoying his inimitable Figaro, or his irresistibly humorous Dulcamara—was one of the pillars of the season. His high tragedy in Chevreuse (*Maria di Rohan*), his low comedy in Lord Roeburg (*Fra Diavolo*), and his inimitable mixture of the two in *Rigoletto*, exci-



ted the usual sympathy and admiration. His Duke Alphonso (*Lucrezia Borgia*), evinced its accustomed histrionic excellence; and his Don Giovanni once more proved that the most gifted and versatile of actors may yet attempt something for which his peculiar idiosyncrasy unfits him. The English lord in Auber's opera was a new achievement, and merits a place by the side of Ronconi's most racy and genial portrayals.

Signor GARDONI appeared in four characters—Arturo (*I Puritani*), Pollio (*Norma*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), and Fra Diavolo. While exhibiting his usual good qualities in all of these, he was most successful as the Brigand of Terracina, since, if he had failed to present a vivid dramatic realization of the personage, he was at least thoroughly at home in the music, which he sang, for the most part, with admirable effect. Signor GRAZIANI's splendid barytone voice was as much extolled as ever, and his "Il balen," as of old, constituted one of the grand points in *Il Trovatore*. As the King, in *La Favorita*, and Enrico, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, he well maintained his position; while by his assumption of the elder Germont in *La Traviata*, Signor Grazi-ani rose a step higher in public estimation, and extorted from the best judges an avowal that he had made progress both as singer and actor. Signor NERI BARALDI proved himself not only generally useful as second tenor, but on one or two occasions eminently so, as a substitute for Mario, at very short notice, in those operas of Signor Verdi which have so constantly been presented for the delectation of the more fashionable patrons of the theatre. Mlle. MARAI, with very little to do, maintained her reputation as "second lady," and in one instance—by her Lady Roeburg (in *Fra Diavolo*)—enhanced it. Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, the contralto, one of the most zealous and competent artists in the establishment, distinguished herself more than ever in the parts of Di Gondi (*Maria di Rohan*), Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), and Azucena the Gipsy, each of which gained her golden opinions; and Signor TAGLIACIO, ready, active, intelligent, and versatile as ever, besides those characters in which he had already won a reputation *sui generis*, achieved fresh and well-merited fame by his original and humorous delineation of one of the robbers in *Fra Diavolo*. Herr FORMES, greatly to the general disappointment, was only heard in one part—that of Leporello, which in many respects he understands and represents better than any other known performer. Of MM. POLONINI, ZELGER, and SOLDI, it is enough to say that the first was, as usual, a model Masetto, the second the most portly and substantial of High Priests, the last the most eager of subordinate tenors; and that all three, by their careful representation of minor parts, maintained the character of the theatre for general as well as individual efficiency. Mme. ROSA DEVRIES, who sang very rarely, nevertheless made a strong impression as the heroine in *Maria di Rohan*; and Mlle. PAREPA, a new-comer (from Lisbon), with a good voice and considerable talent, appeared once, and only once, as Elvira in the *Puritani*. Mlle. COTTI was painstaking as usual, in the small parts with which she was intrusted.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE may be separately alluded to, since she was not a regular member of the establishment. Her first appearance on any stage took place, as will be remembered, in *La Sonnambula*, and her successful impersonation of Amina was followed, some time later, by a not less happy essay as the unfortunate Lucy of *Lammermoor*. These were Mlle. Balfe's only performances; but the impression she created in both was so marked as to justify flattering anticipations of her future career. She has youth, beauty, a flexible voice of pleasing quality, solid musical acquirements, and (though a beginner), perfect ease upon the stage, in her favor. The rest depends upon herself, and we have little doubt she will leave nothing untried that may aid her in doing credit to the name she bears. Every one will watch her progress with interest, were it only because she is an Englishwoman; and if Mr. Balfe has won a name among foreigners as a composer, there is no reason why Miss Balfe

should not carve out an equally honorable position for herself upon the boards of the Italian Opera by the side of her not unfriendly Italian rivals.

A glance at the foregoing will show that the operas produced this year were the *Puritani*, *Norma*, and *Sonnambula* of Bellini; *Maria di Rohan*, *Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Lucia di Donizetti*; *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* of Verdi. Of these the *Traviata* and *Fra Diavolo* were new to the theatre. A whole season without a single opera of Rossini is perhaps unprecedented since the works of that greatest of Italian composers first took possession of the stage. For Meyerbeer of course we must not look until the erection of the new theatre; but the total neglect of Rossini seems inexplicable. The non-arrival of Lablache no doubt deprived us of the *Barbiere*; where, however, were the *Conte Ory*, *Otello*, and *Matilda di Shabran*—with Madame Bosio, Mario, Gardoni, and Ronconi in the theatre? Rossini has done too much for the prosperity of the Italian Opera to be cast aside, like old raiment, in addition to which he is by no means worn out; on the contrary, he is a vast deal younger, fresher, and more vigorous than some of those who have usurped his place. Signor Verdi is very well after his manner, but we must be careful not to neglect the genuine school of singing too much, or some fine day we may lose it altogether.

That Mr. COSTA should have continued to support his own reputation and that of the theatre by his energetic direction and the undiminished excellence of his band and chorus, is a matter of surprise to no one. Indeed, it is in what the French call the *ensemble* that one of the great charms of the Lyceum performances consists; and how much depends upon the orchestra it is unnecessary to urge. To this desirable result, moreover, no little has been contributed by Mr. W. BEVERLEY as scene painter, and Mr. A. HARRIS, stage-director. The ballet was stronger this season than last, since, besides CERITO, Mlle. PLUNKETT was engaged, and with an excellent troop of subordinates, headed by Mlle. DELECHAUX and ESPEY, managed to keep up the attractions of the terpsichorean department after the departure of her admired and experienced predecessor.

Thus Mr. GYE (by the further assistance of Mme. RISTORI and the operatic concerts at Sydenham) has been able to weather out another season in the confined arena of the Lyceum. It is highly creditable to his management that he should have been able to keep this fine company together under such adverse circumstances; but it now behooves him to exert himself strenuously. The public will expect either the new theatre in Covent-garden for next year, or at least a more spacious and commodious edifice than the Lyceum.

### The Claqueurs at the Grand Opera, Paris.

[From the Traveller.]

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms,) stand very well at their bankers' and have their stock-broker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunkmaker in the upper gallery,'" "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph we had yesterday!" And they look down with an inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the

ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazetteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding-scale with the new-comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-bank and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success. And the great opera bends before their oaken staves and resonant hands, and respectfully places pit-tickets in their begging-box as peace-offerings.

The most celebrated of these vicarious trumpeters of fame, was a fellow named Auguste, who, after having "procured the success" of *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and several other celebrated and forgotten pieces, has retired full of years, honor and wealth to a suburban villa, where, after marrying his daughters well and setting up his sons, he fights over old battles and tells of the feats of prowess "he," Meyerbeer and Rossini accomplished, with unvarying success,—for his cellar, his larder and his cook make no bad "claqueurs." A common gift of well-kept cellars, larders and cooks, which give the salt and the diamond-dust everywhere to many a joke which else had fallen unflavored and dull! How he delights to describe those maiden performances of great works, when in his pea-green or red-brown coat he sat under the great chandelier and led on his troop, so skillfully distributed in the vast pit of the Opera that when the "gredins de billets payants" came in, they found themselves imprisoned in the meshes he had spread! How contemptuously he speaks of the "claqueurs" of the other theatres, who have, he says, nothing in the world to do, as plays are easily "carried," for they require nothing but hearty laughs, and the public is never angry with a laugh, while applauders are frequently menaced with "the door."

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has obtained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each commanded by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course, has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. Indeed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

LOVE AND MELODY.—Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, said a pretty thing when he said this:

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love:  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teacheth. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Four forth their little souls.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 22, 1857.

### Music for the Million—Promenade Concerts. III.

The Concerts at the Music Hall go on, apparently with increasing interest. The brass bands blow their loudest, with the aid of drums, occasionally alternating from the stunning to the sentimental. The people promenade, or sit and talk or listen, if being stunned is listening. The music is perhaps very good for its kind, but it is not good for a music hall; at all events it ought to be and might be a great deal better. But it is a hopeful sign that such cheap, frequent concerts are supported. It is good that multitudes should be amused and cheered on any musical pretext. And it is good that the musicians find employment, since without sure support how can we expect them to improve and give us the best music. We regard this year's experiment as settling the question that the public need such free and easy concerts in the summer evenings, and are ready to support them at least reasonably well. The question now is for another year: How can we have better concerts, better music?

We have already shown that the selections at these concerts for the most part are not good; that they are too much subject to the conditions of the mere military brass band, the legitimate music of which is too loud, too martial, or too monotonous for indoor concerts, while its efforts (by way of "arrangements") to reproduce operatic, orchestral, or ballad music, are coarse and characterless. Every person, whose musical or moral sensibilities are at all fine, must sympathize with a writer in the *Courier* who thus describes his impressions after one of these concerts:

We were displeased with the noisy character of the performance. All the *forte* passages were given with an ear-splitting vehemence which disturbed the nerves and made one tremble for the *tympanum* of his ears. The conductor should remember that in bands made up of brass instruments and drums, the tendency is to excess, and all his study should be directed to create a temperance which shall give smoothness to the loudest utterances. We want volumes of sound, but not folio volumes. But the performers last night, so far from observing these rules, seemed animated with an emulative zeal as to which could make the most noise. The trumpets sounded, and the drums roared their utmost, and it appeared as if the object was, not to please a Boston audience, but to beat down the walls of some airy Jericho. We almost trembled for the stability of the Music Hall. It is only a variation of the above criticism, to say that the style of playing was too antithetical. The transitions from the *piano* to the *forte* passages were most uncomfortably abrupt, and jarred painfully upon the sense.

We have already spoken of the kinds of music proper to brass instruments, and showed how limited or else how exceptional an instrumental programme must be without something better than a mere brass band. This brings us to our second topic.

2. The essential thing in going to such concerts is, not to hear this, that or the other band, or set of instruments or performers, but to hear a good selection and variety of musical pieces, well presented and interpreted. Now if our concerts are to be in the Music Hall, or in any hall, we say what we want is, not only not a brass band, but

not any military band at all. We want an orchestra; a combination of stringed instruments with reeds and brass, &c. As we have before said, it is when our brass musicians transform themselves into a small dance orchestra, with a few violins, &c., and play a nice set of Strauss waltzes, or something suited to their powers, that they give most pleasure. It is perhaps still a question whether any combination numerous enough to be called an orchestra, will "pay"; the bands are small, numbering but sixteen or eighteen members each. But we are confident that with a small orchestra, of thirty or at least twenty-five instruments—on the model, say, of the "Germania"—the music would be so much better and so much more attractive as to pay quite as well as the brass bands. In that case, the musical selections might be incomparably better. We would not ask that they should be mainly "classical," or such as to demand very serious and studious attention. Let them be as "light" as you will; but let it be really tasteful, beautiful, refining, genial music, music that has poetry and life in it. We would not exclude the "arranged" scenes from operas, but only ask for good selections; and such an orchestra could translate them to us with some appreciating delicacy, whereas they sound coarse and vulgar, especially the solos, from a brass band. We would have a very liberal supply of Strauss, Labitzky, Lanns waltzes: for what is fitter for a promenade? and what "light" music is more graceful and inspiring than some of the best of this kind? Then Overtures would sound like overtures, which we have heard so bunglingly and so absurdly rendered by nothing but brass instruments. Thus the whole field of overtures, the most delightful and at the same time popular form of instrumental music, would be open to us; and the chance promenade, who should drop in of a summer night, might be edified by some of the best thoughts of Rossini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven. Even a portion of a Symphony, a lively Scherzo, or a pathetic Andante, or the whole of one of the lighter Symphonies by Haydn, would find quite as general audience, and on the part of many far more earnest and delighted audience, than the stunning brass band pieces, and the tedious solos which go out at one ear as fast as they come in at the other. Here would be music at once cheap, popular and refining; music that would help to elevate the public taste.

But we want also concerts in the open air. Music on the Common, in the squares, is more and more demanded. For this we need a Band, but not a brass band, not a military band, at least of the kind now in vogue. There should be a band of at least forty instruments, instead of only eighteen. It should be composed in great part of gentler materials than mere ear-splitting brass, and organized to gentler ends. (Nor is the whimpering, emasculated *falsetto* of brass tubes and cornets the kind of gentleness required; we want not the imitation, but the real thing.) Now, where we ask again, is the impracticability of our old suggestion, of a Civic Band—not a military band—to be organized and in part supported by the city, as a municipal institution, which shall be large enough, and composed of the right proportions of clarinets, flutes, bassoons, French horns, trumpets, tubas, &c., to furnish appropriate music for all civic and not military

public celebrations, processions, festivals, &c., and also to play, at the public charge, upon the Common and elsewhere for the delectation of the masses in the summer evenings? Such an institution would be a blessing to our city; it would afford employment to a goodly number of musicians, inspiring them with worthier ambition to rise above the mere clap-trap and noise of their profession. Besides such employment as the city would afford, such a band would of course be in demand for college commencements, and all kinds of academic, literary, artistic, peaceful and refined festivities. It could give concerts of its own in gardens and fit places. If the city will not start it, why will not some energetic and competent musician try to organize it among the musicians themselves?

### Ditson & Co.'s New Music Stores.

Few persons, except those directly engaged in the business, have any conception of the extent of the Music Trade of our country, or of the amount of capital invested in its various branches. Omitting for the present all mention of Piano manufacture, we will limit our remarks to the music publishing, of which some idea may be formed from a brief description of a visit we have made to the new and extensive building, No. 277 Washington street, erected by Mr. Oliver Ditson, expressly for the business of the firm. It is a fine structure, five stories in height, granite front, covering an area of twenty-five feet frontage with a depth of nearly one hundred feet, and extending through from Washington street to Jackson Place. In beauty of architectural proportions and general appearance, it is unsurpassed by any structure of the kind in this city, and we think we can safely say in any on this continent.

Entering from Washington street, we found ourselves in a store fitted up for the retail trade with exquisite neatness and superior taste. The stock here embraces every variety, both of American and foreign Music, with clerks to each department constantly employed in answering the continuous demands of the public. There is no music, either in the form of sheet or book, published in this country, that may not here be found, besides a large and well-selected stock of foreign music. Here are compositions of every name and nature, from the standard productions of the masters, down through every grade, to the first effort of the novice in the art, whose bantling melody is looking up for public favor. The long period which this house has been established, enables it to furnish, in addition to all the publications of the present day, works that are often said to be "out of print;" and this fact directs the attention and patronage of dealers and amateurs to it from all parts of the Union.

The contents of the various compartments are designated by tasteful "letters of gold" above them. On the right we noticed, first "Instrumental Music," followed by "Foreign Music" and "Jobbing Music"—this last being conveniently assorted for supplies to other dealers. On the left, "Vocal Music," "Guitar Music" and "Music Books." Of course these general departments are sub-divided many times, in order to establish a system, without strict adherence to which, a business so multitudinous in its branches could not be carried on. Beyond the specimen books on the left, are two stairways—one leading to the piano and other rooms above, the other to the basement. We descend the latter, and having done so, begin to get our eyes open somewhat to the magnitude of the business. We thought we had seen some sheet music on the ground floor, but it was nothing compared to the *cords* of it below. This department, devoted more especially to



the wholesale trade, is completely filled with shelving, extending not only upon every side, but in addition thereto, two tiers also from floor to ceiling running the entire length of the centre. There are also shelves under the side-walk, and in every available place. All of these shelves are packed with sheet music, and contain in the aggregate about 4000 cubic feet of this article.

There are two prominent features in this room to which we must allude. The first is a large safe for the security of the engraved music plates. It is large enough to hold quite a dinner party. We were told that it contains, easily, fifty thousand plates, and, by some contrivance, sixty thousand! Yet, notwithstanding its capaciousness, we found it closely filled, and a loud call for "more room" seemed to come to us from the crowded inmates. Further on, a large steam-boiler, calculated to do its work on the self-adjusting plan, is waiting for the frost of winter to call it into action. From this, steam will be conducted to every room, diffusing throughout the building a wholesome, genial and natural warmth.

Directly over the first floor—that of the retail and transient business—is the Piano-Forte Room. A large number of pianos, of every description, are continually kept for sale, besides which a considerable business is done in renting pianos and melodeons.

On the third floor is the "Book Room," in itself a National curiosity. Few have any idea of the number and variety of music books issued from the American press alone. Messrs. Ditson & Co.'s list of their own publications in this line comprises: of Piano-Forte instruction, 36 volumes; Primers, Catechisms, Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, &c., 12 volumes; Organ Instruction and Music for the same, 25 volumes; Melodeon and Seraphine Instruction and Music, 9 volumes; Guitar and Harp, 11 volumes; Vocal Instruction and Exercises, 41 volumes; Flute, 29 volumes; Violin, 17 volumes; Accordeon, 11 volumes; Miscellaneous Instruments, 15 volumes; Composition, Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Treatises on Music, 17 volumes; Brass Instruments, 9 volumes; Collections of Instrumental Music, 30 volumes; of Vocal Music, Operas, Glees, &c., 76 volumes; Juvenile Music Books, 16 volumes; and of Sacred Music, 68 volumes. The room devoted to this part of the business extends through the entire length and breadth of the building. On every side are capacious bins, each book having its place, all well filled, and presenting a fine appearance. It is fair to estimate the contents of this apartment at not less than *two hundred thousand volumes!* Here you may find not only a Method of Instruction and music for every instrument, but several instruction books for each, meeting all tastes and requirements.

On the fourth floor is a large stock of printing papers, colored papers for covers, books in sheets, music paper, folios, and blank music books. Here also a portion of the music plate punchers and engravers are located. Above this, on the fifth floor, the music printing is executed. Twelve presses are here constantly in operation, employing about twenty workmen. We should mention in this connection that these presses are worked for sheet music alone, that for books being printed by steam power in another part of the city. The books being mostly stereotyped, are printed on steam presses of the modern, fast stamp, by means of which they can be furnished at a cheap rate to the public.

The amount of printing paper used at this establishment is not less than *one hundred thousand reams* yearly, and is annually increasing. The building is complete in every particular. Cochituate water is conveyed to every part of it; gas fixtures are arranged in every room: speaking tubes extend to every floor from the first; goods are conveyed through all six floors by means of a powerful wheel,

and a huge platform running in grooves, and the rooms being open on two streets are amply provided with air and light.

As we descended from the printing rooms and took a cursory glance, in review, of the various departments and their uses, we were deeply impressed with the immensity of the business that could call such an edifice into existence, and so fully employ every available portion of it for its constant use. No. 277 Washington street is an institution which, considered in the influence it exerts by its numerous publications, or, in a pecuniary point of view, in its general bearing on the prosperity of our city, may be justly deemed an honor not only to Boston, but to the whole Union.

### Musical Chat-Chat.

**LABLACHE.**—The whole civilized world, certainly that part of it that goes to the opera, whether in London, New York, San Francisco or Melbourne, will rejoice to hear that the great Lablache is not dead, as was erroneously reported last week. Lablache will have the opportunity of reading his obituaries in the newspapers of every continent, within a week or two, and will thus enjoy a new proof of the universality of his reputation.

**MADAME FREZZOLINI**, who has been engaged by Mr. Ullman for the coming operatic season, at the Academy of Music in New York, arrived in that city on Thursday, in the steamship Arabia. She sang last, we believe, in Paris. Mr. Ullman has also effected an engagement with FORMES, the celebrated baritone, so that we shall have no lack of bright stars in our operatic firmament. Every year we hear the same story that we are to have no opera in Boston, and they try to persuade us that these stars are not to shine upon us—that this firmament will not shine for us, but experience makes us exclaim with Galileo: *E pur si muove*. It assuredly will come round to us.

**CHARLES C. PERKINS, Esq.** has, as we understand, resigned his Professorship at Hartford, (we hope not permanently), and sailed with his family in the Persia, on Wednesday last, intending to spend some time in Europe. We wish him a happy voyage and safe return.

**OLIVER DITSON & Co.** on Wednesday evening received their friends in their new store, of which a full description will be found in another column. The guests were received by Mr. Ditson, and shown over the building in every department. The Germania Band was in attendance through the evening, playing some of their finest selections of music, and an elegant table spread in an upper chamber, amply satisfied all the wants of the inner man of the guests, who departed with most cordial wishes of continued prosperity to Mr. Ditson.

The New York Academy of Music announces "Grand Sacred Concerts," "Mighty Oratorios," &c., &c., for Sunday evenings.

A "Musical Convention," under the direction of Messrs. FROST and HAMILTON, was held for three days at the Tremont Temple last week, in connection with which three miscellaneous concerts were given, in which choruses performed by the Temple choir, songs, duets, &c., by members and pupils, and especially the splendid organ playing of Mr. MORGAN, from New York, were the attraction. The third and last concert took place Thursday evening, when Mr. Morgan played Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, a "Thunder Storm," (hardly equal to the one roaring and flashing without,) and a more ingenious than edifying fantasy on "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

**BOCHSA**, we read, did not leave \$50,000 to Mrs. BISHOP, as was stated; he died poor, and left her so.

The design for the **HANDEL** monument, for his native city Halle, by the Berlin sculptor Heidel, is already modelled. A German paper says: "Handel is represented in all his energetic and spiritually significant peculiarity, as ruler in the realms of tune. With a conductor's baton, his commander's staff, in his right hand, and leaning upon the score of the *Messiah*, which lies open upon a desk, ornamented with carved wood-work, in the style of the eighteenth century, he stands in calm, self-conscious worth, though inwardly moved and full of mental loftiness—a man, and a strongly marked character."

### Advertisements.

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THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

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#### ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thanksgiving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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